

PS 2809

.S34 I6

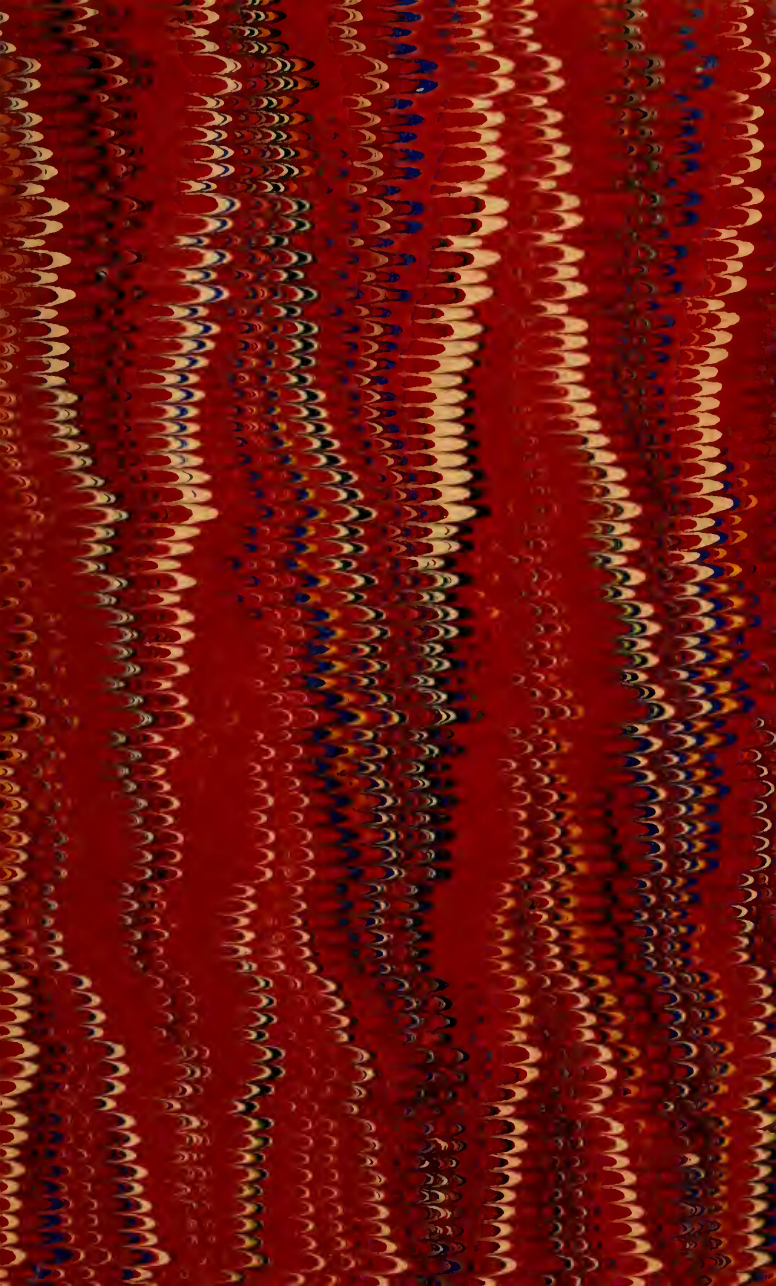
Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS2809
Chap. _____ Copyright No. _____

Shelf S34I6

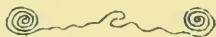
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





IN·MANY·MOODS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



Ralph H. Shaw.



IN MANY MOODS

OR

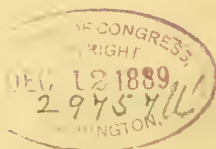
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

RALPH H. SHAW

33

"For the fireside
Or for the summer shade."



LOWELL, MASS.:
VOX POPULI PRESS: S. W. HUSE & Co.
1889.

TS 2809
S34I6

Copyright, 1889,
BY RALPH H. SHAW.

All rights reserved.

TO MY MOTHER,
HARRIET NOWELL SHAW.

" These light leaves at thy feet I lay,—
Poor common thoughts on common things."

Contents

	PAGE
PROEM	7

THE BEAR-HUNT, AND OTHER POEMS:

THE BEAR-HUNT	9
"FALLEN ON SLEEP"	13
THE WHITE ARROW	16
DOWN THE MERRIMACK	18
DESERTED	20
NIGHTFALL ON THE CRAGS	20
REMINDER OF SPRING	21
COME AWAY!	22
AN ANSWER	23
THE BROOK TO ONE WHO WOULD NAME IT	24
THE SEEKERS	24
"BLIND SAM"	25
MY INFANT BOY	26
OUR BABY	27
HE CLIMBS MY KNEE	28
INNOCENTS	29
MY WORK	29

CAMP OSSIPEE, AND OTHER POEMS:

CAMP OSSIPEE	31
THE QUEST	37
THE EARLY FLOWERS	40
GLOOSKAP AND SUMMER	41
JETTIE'S WOOD	43
DESERTED HOUSE REVISITED	43
WHAT SUNG THE THRESHOLD BROOK	44
THE GARRET	45
AT THE "WAYSIDE INN," SUDBURY	46

APRIL RAIN	48
MAY	48
SOON AS THE SUMMER SUN	49
THE COMING OF THE RAIN	50
ENJOYED THE MORE	51
THE LESSON OF THE BROOK	52
THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEASIDE	52
THE SPIRIT, IF NOT THE MEANING	54
AUTUMN	55
MY BEAKER AT THE RILL	55
MOSES	57
THE PRESENCE	57
WORSHIP WITH NATURE	58
A DAY OF QUIET	59
DEUS IDEM	60
WILD FLOWERS OF THE HOLY LAND	61
THE SOUL'S HOUSE	62
DEDICATION OF CHILDREN	63
THE EXHORTATION OF PETER THE HERMIT	65
"ROBIN"	68
IZAAK WALTON	69
"GOD BLESS HIM"	70
MY POET FRIEND	72
A MEMORIAL	73
MY BUSY BEES	75
SUMMER MORNING	75
TO A FRIEND	76
ON RECEIVING SOME CARDINAL FLOWERS	77
LINES, IN BEHALF OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY	78



Proem

I KNOW that I for years have loved
Abroad in Nature's face to look;
I know that I have oft been moved
To sympathy with bird and brook;
I know that from my hearth-stone I
Have gone to view the sunset sky;
And climbed the hill, in twilight cold and gray,
To, at his airy gates, await the rising day.

I know I have not been as one
Who seeth naught the fact behind, —
To whom the sun is simply sun,
To whom the wind is simply wind,
The wood a wood, the hill a hill, —
Mere growth or mere existence. Still,
I can not speak whereof my heart hath known:
I live as one who lives in silence and alone.

But felt as deep by him who lives
Without the gift of utterance,
May be the music Nature gives
Whereof his life hath cognizance, —

The solemn undertones of night
And morning's pæan of delight —
As e'er by him who sounds the verbal keys
And gives his every thought their fitting melodies.

And felt as deep by him may be
The graces of Arcadian days;
The quiet and amenity
He finds within his greenwood ways;
The splendor that around him lies
Of hill and vale and changing skies;
The equal miracle of sun and sod;
The stately flow of time, and epic-plan of God.

And he who loves to tarry by
The singing of his woodland rills; —
Who finds a solace in the sky,
A strength and spirit in the hills; —
Who loves the beautiful and good,
The close-discerning habitude;
He makes a poem of his days and weeks.
And he who feels it all is one with him who speaks.





The Bear-Hunt, and Other Poems

1881—1885

THE BEAR-HUNT

OSSIPEE MOUNTAIN

'T WAS early day ; while not a sound,
Not even that that seems to be
The murmur of some far-off sea,
In upland forests floated round ;
While there was not a zephyr e'en
To flutter in the aspen seen ;
While there was not a motion more
Than flashing of the golden ray
Back from each sandy reach that lay
Along the low lake's silent shore ;

While gazing from serenest height,
On lake and island, and, afar,
On every shield-like mountain scar
Irradiate in the morning light ;
On deep-delved gorge and hanging wood
Amid the breathless quietude,—
I started at the far-off cry
Of some one nearly crazed, I thought,
'That rent the silence, heavy-wrought,
And smote the jutting ledges nigh.

Again, again, it echoed round ;
And in hot haste the mountaineers
Equipped themselves with beechen spears,
About their waists their girdles bound,
And, springing as from ambush, they
Seemed ready for some wild affray.
"The bear has proved the sly trap's jaws,"
They shouted, starting in the chase
With eager daring in each face
Befitting a more worthy cause.

Enlivened by their spirit, I
Betook me in the strange pursuit ;
Left the broad sunshine and the mute
Charmed eloquence of earth and sky,
And passed into the scraggy wood
That deepened into solitude ;
O'ertaking them where haply they
Had found his trail by shrub and limb
Torn by the trap that clung to him
E'en as the leopard to its prey.

Through netted copse he tore the drag,
And leaped in rage and writhed in pain ;
Now fretted by the chafing chain,
Now stabbed by the outreaching snag ;
Now in his fury overthrown,
Unequal to the suaring stone ;
Now gaining heart he strove again,
Plunged with the might of agony,
Escaped from his captivity,
And fled into the deeper glen.

And there we found him — not at bay
To ward besieging foemen off,

The cause of his distress to doff
Unstruggling, as o'ercome he lay —
Now pleading with the gentle air
That stroked his dark and glossy hair;
Now with the brook that murmured by
And sobbed o'er his relentless chain;
And now with space with deeper pain
And anguish in his upturned eye.

We found him in his native wild
Who, looking o'er the deep ravine,
From beetling rock, so oft had seen
The gleaming waters, hundred-isled,
Whereon, uplifted from their shore,
Looked down the mighty sagamore
Who holds, in mortmain, lake and wood,
Whose native eloquence is heard
In storied pine and maple stirred
By airs that love the solitude.

He cooled his tongue, now fever-dried,
By draughts from his accustomed brook;
Now raised his head with hopeless look,
And howled till all the slopes replied.
But, nathless, for his slaughter, they
Drew round him, where unarmed he lay,
Who, for my pity, scoffed at me,
Who, firm of hand and stout of heart,
Could not consider him apart
From all his natural savagery.

And when the woods were pulseless — not
The singing of a single bird
Made the thick leaves to throb — we heard
A hundred in one sudden shot

Fly flashing round the deed to tell
To rock and cave and upland swell
Reverberating. Then we stood
 A moment gazing on him there,
 While on his dark and glossy hair
The sunbeams glimmered through the wood.

And then with poles and withes we bore
 Him through the flitting lights and shades,
 Through bosky glens and brooky glades,
To where below us gleamed the shore;
From out the close wood's privacy
To where the open landscape we
Saw hollowed 'neath the vaulted sky;
 Where, looking down the lake-ward gorge,
 The summer sojourner his lodge
Had built — the natives knew not why.

And there the beautiful and fair
 Stood round him; chid the hunters' glee;
 And deemed — in their security —
'T was honorless to slay the bear.
Despite their ever-ready tear,
Went round the ancient wassail-cheer,
And loudly sung the hunters gay
 Till all the woods sung merrily —
 Belied was every mountain-tree
That echoed back the joyous lay.

And while the evening shades imbrowned
 The intervals of land below,
 But ere the golden sunset glow
Had faded from the summits round,
He, facing still his native height,
Borne in the trapper's wagon slight,

Went down the winding road and passed
Into the valley. And I found
The wilderness sustained a wound
And murmured, for he was the last.

"FALLEN ON SLEEP"

PRELUDE

I KNOW not why the quiet thought
Of yonder mountain burial-lot
So oft is mine, if here or not ;

Unless it be that to mine eye
Those graves, above the lake so high,
Seem lifted closely to the sky,

Above the overwhelming tide
Of struggle, reaching far and wide —
Serenely on the mountain-side.

Is it because I'm prone to think
The few who lie on yonder brink
Are bound to heaven by stronger link

Than they who in the church-yard keep,
As 't were, their kindred bounds in sleep,
Where break the waves of traffic's deep? —

This day, the warmth of Autumn's sky
Outspread on yonder graves doth lie —
Love's benediction from on high ;

No sound doth in the void break
That arches over hill and lake,
And silence seems for silence' sake.

No longer query why the thought
Of yonder quiet burial-lot
So oft is mine, if here or not ;

For ah ! a crude desire in me
Has shaped itself, and I would be
Left on that same declivity,

When it shall seem that to mine eye
Death-stricken, lake and hill and sky
Have hastened, like a vision, by.

An old and feeble man it was*
Who tottered from his door,
Unheeded, to the grave of her
He longed to see once more ;
Along a pathway to a ridge
Of mild declivity,
To where the landscape did supply
The voice of elegy.

He had been dreaming long of her,
And back to him had come
Love's winged joys, as oft in June
The swallows to his home ;
Had risen from his dream and found
The present mystery —
For not about her cheery task,
But gone away was she.

* These lines were suggested by the actual occurrence of what they narrate.

And when he *whither* asked, a thought
 Rolled on his heart a stone;
He bore its burden to her grave
 And sat him down alone.
The upland slopes of Ossipee
 Displayed their leafy chintz;
In marges of the lake below
 Were glassed the autumn tints.

He did bethink him of the day
 When, from his garden chore,
She called him to her side to look
 The autumn landscape o'er;
To see how blushed the maple wood;
 To see how smooth the lake —
The mirror of the mountains — lay:
 He viewed them for her sake.

And now he viewed them once again,
 But sad they all appeared —
The maple wood, the lake below,
 The mountains round it reared.
In vain to him the autumn fires,
 The splendors of the day;
For coldly over all he saw,
 A mournful shadow lay.

He heard the drowsy insect voice
 Amid the sunny grass;
He saw the trailing shadow slow
 Along the mountain pass,
The farther summits fade away,
 In dimmer distance east;
And soon from all the landscape round
 To quiet dreams he passed.

So near his sleep to death, methought
 'T were better far to die, —
To wake was but to look around,
 To look around, and sigh.

THE WHITE ARROW *

By many a rill that sings a song
In moods of quiet the whole day long,
By many a pool in which is seen
Through parting branches the sky serene,
Adown a path by the water-side,
Through rays of sunshine, leaf-multiplied,
Through vistas of peace, at peace with all,
I reach the brink of the chasm fall
Where, ghastly as death, an arrow 's seen
Aimed downward across the wild ravine.

Though unprepared by aught I have passed
To meet this thrilling object at last,
I do not need the aid of a book
Nor the meaning in the guider's look.
I see from it in the forest here
The chaser's foot to the flyer's near,
The wild confusion of the pursued
Emerging here from the tangled wood,

*There is a tradition that Lieutenant Chamberlain (who was afterwards engaged in the great Pequawket fight) was once hotly pursued by the Indians along the base of this [Ossipee] mountain. When they were close upon him, he reached the chasm near the Ossipee Falls, eighteen feet wide, and cleared it in a single leap, thus securing his escape. The foremost of his pursuers essayed the same feat, but failed to reach the opposite side, fell, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. — *Osgood's White Mountains*.

The nervous survey in which was seen
How one, God willing, might leap the ravine.

One hardy Chamberlain, for the cause
Of home, engaged in the Indian wars ;
And once, when unarmed, had but to put
Beside the Indian's his agile foot.
'Through the mountain wood, o'er rock and root,
He fled, and the savage gave pursuit.
More near and near — it was all he heard —
'The rustle of leaves the savage stirred ;
More near and near, o'er his shoulder seen,
'The serpent glance of the hatchet keen.

How whirled the forest ! — the rock and tree
Blent like creations of fantasy,
Yet wildly hoping some mossed tree, tall
And massy, might on the savage fall
And dash on the rocks the head so full
Of purpose so dark and terrible ;
Or, writhing among the leaves, some root
Ensnare and cripple the cunning foot,
He came to where the white arrow 's seen
Aimed downward across the wild ravine.

He cast an instant his eye around,
Rushed back, and ran, and cleared in a bound
The wide ravine and the dashing tide,
And clomb the rocks on the farther side
In time to see his pursuer fall
In the chasm's jaws and, over all,
The steel-bright flash of the tomahawk
That dulled its edge on the chasm rock.
He paused, half-doubting if he had seen ;
But there was a form in the deep ravine.

How gaily over the ledge to-day
The spray-brook falls in the summer ray!—
The wild bird sings, and the leaves are mute
To tell us aught of flight or pursuit;
While through the vista the pine-slopes make
We see the smile of the sunlit lake.
There's nothing seen in all nature here
Suggestive of struggle, hate, or fear—
But, like the Indian's spectre, is seen
The white arrow fast by the wild ravine.

DOWN THE MERRIMACK

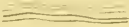
TO E. S. V.

How sweet to us who long had been
Immured the noisy workshop in,
Through tedious days of haze and heat,
Smote by the hot blast from the street—
How sweet to us the open sky,
The freeborn zephyr wafting by,
The peace and cool so long denied—
The blessing of the country-side!

As flies the bird through the willing door
When soft skies smile his woodlands o'er,
To feel, in swift release of wing,
The restoration of his spring;
We left the city's toiling air,
The viewless shuttles weaving care,
The fret and fever at our back,
And drifted down the Merrimack.

How sweet to us each air that blew
The river's verdant vista through,
Or lighted on the isles of balm
From the cool azure's sea of calm!
As grateful as the rain that lays
The dust in summer's heated ways,
Or as the lingering brook that yields
New life to him who mows the fields.

How sweet to us the quietude
Of hillside field and upland wood,—
Of steepled thorp and meadow wide,
Of all the airy country-side,—
Which, restful to our wearied eyes,
Made earth the pillow of its skies!—
And — thanks to toil! — we felt it best
For having earned a day of rest.



DESERTED

KIND voices, that have made me still,
Seem everywhere about ;
And forms, across the foot-worn sill,
Seem passing in and out.

Is it the buzz of lonely bee,
Or drone of spinning-wheel,
That, softly murmuring, comes to me? —
The sound doth not reveal.

Is it the wind from yonder wheat
That swings the creaking door?
I seem to hear approaching feet
That lightly press the floor.

Alas! I am a stranger here ;
No errand here have I.
Deserted! Yet how real, how near,
The tenants pass me by!

NIGHTFALL ON THE CRAGS

THIS is the hour for wings. We climb
The sunset hillside, and behold,
Above the shadowy lake and wold,
Where spacious quiet grows sublime,
What summits wear the crowns of gold ;

Where colored by the irised skies
Wafts now, with motions soft and light,
A fleeting air 'twixt day and night.
A sunset birth, it lives and dies
A floating bloom about the height.

Now to his cloud-bed sinks the sun,
From mountain-tops his glance doth wean;
And blending in the deep serene
That hangs above us, into one,
The fading hues of heaven are seen.

And winding out of sunken dells
A lightly-shaken music comes.
Through dusky air the night-hawk hums.
And now are hushed the muffled bells,
And shepherd-shadows fold the homes.

And from the lake the chilly breeze
Takes hither, as in dreams, its flight.
Yet stay we on this rocky height.
Our pillow is our boundaries —
The calm horizons of the night.

REMINDER OF SPRING

My heart is grateful for this day
In autumn, when though brown and bare
The woodlands feel as soft an air
As sometimes from the lips of May
Breathes on the brow of Nature gray
With the last locks of hoary hair;
For have we now a sky as fair
As that which to the woodland way
Shall call us when at first we ope
To sprouting spring our windows wide,
And give the pent-up heliotrope
A breath from heaven, long denied,
And to the caged bird, silent long,
The impulse for its gladdest song.

COME AWAY

I

BLITHELY singing, lightly winging ,
Come the late forerunners bringing,
Through the portals of the day,
Over all the numb and nude land,
Over all the rough and rude land,
Tidings of the flowery May.

Come away! come away!
To the field or to the woodland —
Who can in his ceiled room stay?

II

Nearer, nearer, sweeter, clearer,
Come the soft airs that endear her,
Through the portals of the day;
Come like tones of gladness, stealing
From me each remembered feeling
Of the winter cold and gray.

Come away! come away!
From beneath the clouded ceiling,
Come, and welcome in the May!

III

Come away! No longer tarry! —
Earth with gentle skies to marry,
Through the portals of the day,
She has come, and every singer,
Every woodland-echo ringer,

Seems for her dear sake to say:
“Come away! come away!
Ye who in the city linger —
Fairer in the fields is May.”

AN ANSWER

How pleasant are the intervals
When twofold seems my life to me!
Immured within the city walls,
The freedom of the hills I see.
Then do I hear the pasture-bell,
The wild brook laughing in its dell,
Whatever gentle music meets
The ear among the summer hills,
And share, albeit in these streets,
The quiet which their spaces fills.

What though the hawker's cry of wares
Comes to me from the thoroughfares?
I hear, as in its interludes,
The caw o'er northern solitudes.
What though the air around me booms;
What though the clanging forge is near;
What though above me moan the looms,
The music of the hills I hear;
Above a thousand shuttles' whirl
The breezy pine-woods' placid stir.

And when there comes to me a day
Impatient to be hence away,
I urge: Whatever quiet gives
Of rest to body, peace to mind,
He, who the longest from it lives,
Doth in it greatest blessing find.
'Tis mostly in its absence dull
We learn to love the beautiful;
And by the very dissonance that fills
The lowland air, to feel the concord of the hills.

THE BROOK TO ONE WHO WOULD NAME IT

(RE-WRITTEN IN 1889.)

You have found a name for my hills that rise
Where I love evermore to be,
And a name have found for my lake that lies
In the valley that waits for me.

But to find a name for myself you fail,
In my woods where I lightly laugh,
Where I wear the moon like a silver veil
And the sun like a golden scarf.

For in me by day and by night you find
What my lake and my hills have not—
An endearing grace, and it fills your mind
With a sweet and a tender thought.

Seek a name no more, and the name I bear
You will hear at my side some day;
It will come as light as a woodland air,
And as light it will pass away.

SEEKERS

You come for game among these hills,
Where I have come for rest;
I do not know what woods and rills
Will serve your purpose best.
The beauty of these hills to me
Is more than rod and gun;
With folded hands, to sit and see
It changing with the sun.

Relieved from all my cares once more,
Enough for me to know
What cloud-drawn shadows darken o'er
The sunny isles below ;
What distant hills are hung with haze,
And waters level lie ;
How earth, to charm the summer days,
Conspires with the sky.

I sought the quiet, mountain-born,
Which all around me lies ;
Be mine the leafy stir of morn,
The hush of sunset skies.
I do not know among these hills,
Where I have come for rest,
What green-leafed woods and singing rills
Will serve your purpose best.

“BLIND SAM”

OSSIPEE MOUNTAIN

How blithe thou art ! I tarry near
Thy solitary song to hear,
Though it rebukes me now.
Thou seest how to cheerly live.
The cloud a sunny rim to give —
I am more blind than thou.

I see the hues the woodlands wear.
I feel nor want, nor loss, nor bear
A burden on my way.
Yet sad I am ; I know not why —
There 's not a cloud in all the sky
To fret this perfect day.

Through open door and shattered pane
Of cottage worn by wind and rain,
I hear thy songful glee.
Nor mountain run, nor wilding bird,
To sing a freer song is heard
Than that which comes from thee.

Around thy toppling cottage nod
The tassels of the golden-rod ;
And on the slopes I see,
Where hang the maples like a fringe
To belts of pine, September tinge
The skirts of Ossipee.

Yet not for thee, blithe mountaineer,
The trappings of the various year
Thy native mountains dight.
Winds that have cleared the clouded skies
Have never cleared thy clouded eyes,
No sun restored their sight.

Sing on ! I'd be as blithe 's thou art ;—
As is the will so is the heart,
So I will blithesome be.
If prone again to give me care,
May I recall thy lightsome air,
Thy loss and poverty.

MY INFANT BOY

WHEN in my arms I clasp my infant boy
And feel his own about my neck entwined,
And see him, all forgetful of his toy,
Fall into slumber on my breast reclined,—

Then am I touched by his love confident,
Then do I ask myself if I am strong.
Alas! if love should lead him innocent
To trace my footsteps, haply, into wrong.
Vouchsafe, O God! that he, my early hope,
Shall be my life's restraint; that my desires
Shall, whatsoe'er their nature or their scope,
Be governed by the thought of him, as fires
Are by fit draught controlled. I would not preach;
But I would have these words beyond me reach.

OUR BABY

We do not think of him as dead,
But gone away to come again,
As for a while, beyond our ken,
By some attraction led.

We do remember watching him
With anxious care through one long night,
And seeing in the morning light
Our hope grow dull and dim;

We do remember seeing here
Sad people, after he had gone,
And hearing, in a soft, low tone :
"Have faith; for God is near";

We do remember pausing where
The tufted earth was turned aside,
And back returning to the wide
And noisy thoroughfare;

Yet do not think of him as dead,
But gone away to come again,
As for a while beyond our ken,
By some attraction led.

HE CLIMBS MY KNEE

I CAN not see him anywhere,
Nor hear his childish singing,
His little prattle here and there,
His silver toy-bell ringing.
Oh, wherefore comes he not to me,
As he was wont, to climb my knee?

Still sings the bird he bade me hear
With his uplifted finger,
And in our neighbor's garden near
The flowers he saw still linger;
Oh, wherefore comes he not to me
To point at them and climb my knee?

His blocks lie scattered hereabout,
His horses wait his riding —
Where is he? — At my back, or out
Beneath my window hiding?
Oh, wherefore comes he not to me,
As he was wont, to climb my knee?

Ah! to my higher self he comes
In moments that are golden;
For sunshine, offered to all homes,
I am to God beholden;
My smiling angel-boy I see,
And, soft and light, he climbs my knee.

INNOCENTS

A SIMPLE sight ; and yet it shall not fade
Away from me. It seemed to me as though
It were of love assurance, and I owe
To it a strength which reason never made,
Nor gospel ever gave. I had delayed
My visit to a little grave, for snow
To melt from it and then for airs to blow
Away from it the leaves that had decayed,
Until I felt a little loth to look
Upon the grave again ; but, ah ! to-day —
Ne'er seen in all the burial-lot before —
The fairest page of God's unwritten book,
Sweet innocents, upon its bosom lay :
Such as a year ago the child's hand bore.

MY WORK

I WROUGHT it in a quiet hour,
I wrought it out of love.
The impulse came from leaf and flower,
From the still depths above ;
Or from the cool, sequestered haunts
Where fall the singing rills ;
Or where the airy sunshine slants
Among the open hills.
The critic-eye must seek in vain
The full and rounded line —
The graces which I could not gain,
Ah ! never may be mine.

I only hope the poet-heart
That reads my simple lay,
Will strengthen every feeble part,
Add what I could not say.





Camp Ossipee, and Other Poems

1886 — 1889

CAMP OSSIPEE

TO MY COMPANION, O. W. R.

'T WAS in the mellow light that falls
At sunset on the mountain-walls ;
When far and near at times is heard
The warble of the sunset bird,
And in the hush that deepens round
The very soul of peace is found ;
Where far below us Melvin Bay
Couching itself for slumber lay,
And over us some pine-boughs bent,—
That, travel-worn, we pitched our tent.
Ah ! 't was a restful sight to see
The wooded heights of Ossipee
Rise round us in eternal green,
That softer seemed at sunset seen ;
For we had come that self-same day
O'er glistening miles of iron way,
And, borne the dust of many a road
That in the sun of August glowed.
There in that peaceful hour of rest,
Which rock and tree alike confessed,

The pine-boughs seemed above our head
In blessing and in healing spread,
Making us feel — who felt indeed —
That Nature understood our need.

At length the moon rose ; far and near
We saw its tender light appear ;
Now flaring from the mountain lines,
Now falling through their fringing pines,
And now expanding far and wide —
A whelming yet a gentle tide.
Then like a brooch of silver lay,
In its dim setting, Melvin Bay,
Seeming, in our ecstatic sight,
Upon the very breast of Night.
At length all things about us slept,
Save that the owl his vigils kept.
We felt the mighty forest breathe
The light touch of the dew beneath,
And mused that if we would rise
What time the morning tints the skies,
We should unto our couch repair,
We turned our wandering steps to where
Our tent looked like a mountain-mist,
White-sheeted, by the moonlight kissed.

Next morning — when the sun had shone
An hour or so our landscape on ! —
We saw, forth-looking from our tent,
With feelings of some wonderment,
To whom the splendid sunset hour
Had something had of glamour power,
How far our credulous eyes had been
Deceived the shaping moonlight in.

Still for the light that showed the fact,
Our view to charm us nothing lacked.
Too far away for us to see
One sign of its activity,
'The little thorp below us lay
Reposeful by its sunlit bay
As if alike were night and day.
We only saw its houses small
And steeple overlooking all,
And vanes that ever and anon
Focused the light that on them shone.

We broke our fast betimes, and took
Our fishing-tackle to the brook,
With good old Izaak Walton's book —
Not that we thought our luck would be
The better for its company,
Too obsolete in many ways
To guide a fisher nowadays,
But leading still to that calm mood
Wherein to fish is meet and good.
My friend — and no one more than he
Enjoys its quaint simplicity —
Had read it often, looking down
Upon a noisy thoroughfare
From his high window-seat in town,
Yet always seeming elsewhere —
Some mountain pool pine-shadowed by,
Or meadow brook with breast of sky —
Receiving from it what is best
Within its gift, relief and rest.

Ah! you should have that wild brook traced
With so much varied beauty graced;

So rugged yet so fair, so wild
And yet so lovely — Nature's child :
A child whose days are full of song,
Whose feet disport its way along,
Who unto all its spirit gives,
And loved of all who see it, lives.
And so at first it seemed to be
A thing of life, to hear and see ;
To hear itself the song it sung,
To see the woods it moved among,
To have a subtler sense than we
Of all that we could hear and see.
But after all it was a brook,
And into it we cast our hook.

We fished from pool to pool, and thought
Of what our honest master taught,—
That much of hope and patience need
All fishers if they would succeed.
But, mark you ! not without reward
We bore our fishing-line and rod,
Who out of hope and patience caught
More fish indeed than we had sought.
Ah ! even with us seemed to be
That man of " heavenly memory,"
Who " with his Bryan and a book,
Loitered long days near Shawford-brook,"
In pleasant discourse, wherein we
His singleness of heart could see,
Inviting us to love the good,
The meek and quiet habitude,
To seek not more than competence,
And thank God for His providence.

Our fishing done, our sweet meal o'er,
We sat beside our tent's free door.
The hour was high noon, and we heard
But sound of leaf and song of bird;
No clanging of a factory-bell
The stopping of the wheels to tell,
No footsteps of a swarming throng
A hard and dusty walk along.
The farther mountains, wrapped in haze,
Seemed sleeping through the August days,
And couched in eastern luxury
The lake's fair islands seemed to be.
We watched, o'er land and wave below,
The cloud-cast shadows come and go,
Until the very landscape seemed
Like something indistinctly dreamed,
And lower as if farther heard
Became the sound of leaf and bird;
For surely had a slumberous power
The stillness of that midday hour.

When long the lights and shadows grew
That slanted the cool forest through,
And from us with the westering day
Our lighter feelings passed away,
We sought, as did the hour become,
The threshold of a lonely home,—
A house that sadly seemed to be
Devoted to its memory.
As 't were in weeded widowhood,
How dark amid its field it stood!
Far up upon the mountain-side,
O'erlooking lake and valley wide,
Where hardly ever came a sound

Save from the sombering pines around.
Longer the lights and shadows grew,
Cooler the airs as touched with dew,
While sat we in that lonely door,
Recalling what could be no more,—
The tender joys with childhood flown,
The hopes by earliest manhood known,
The long, wide way, with flowers fair,
That ended in the path of care.
There came to us the thought that we,
As we had been, no more could be;
As nevermore on us could lie
The sunlight of our morning sky,
So nevermore our lives could feel
Their early freedom, early weal.
Much that that house knew, sad and lone,
Was by our very bosoms known,
And with a sigh of sympathy,
We left it to its memory.

Soon in the vale below we heard
The singing of the sunset bird,
That in the gathering dusk was glad —
For him the hour no sadness had —
And casting from our minds the weight
Of thoughts we had indulged so late,
We gained our tent, wherein we sate
In quiet converse till the sound
That reached us from the lapsing rills
And from the waving woods around,
Lulled us to sleep among the hills.

And so we lived from day to day,
“Exempt from public haunt” and way,

In lightsome and in pensive thought,
In varying moods by Nature wrought;
Who learned that she her treasures gives
To him who with her closely lives,
Who comes, a quiet worshipper,
And dares to make his home with her.

THE QUEST

A BALLAD OF THE HILLS.

SHE asked if I would also go.
Why did I make my answer, No?—

The sun its western path had found
And cast its long, slant rays around,

When I could wait for her no more
And sought her from my cabin-door.

The hill was high, the wood was wild,
And she, a woman, seemed a child.

Had she grown faint, who was not strong?—
I called her name, and listened long.

No answer came from all the wood,
But deeper seemed the quietude.

I only heard the birds that sung
Her praise who moved their haunts among;—

Her praise who was my winsome bride,
More dear than all the world beside;—

Her praise who was so sweet and fair,
Whose step was light as summer air,

Whose looks were all so kind that none
Could see them and not soon be won.

But where was she? The lake below
Had now lost all its sunset glow ;

The far-off hills were blue and cold ; —
The birds but of her grace had told.

I wondered : had she failed to keep
Her footing at the dizzy steep?

I called, I loudly called, again,
And as before I called in vain.

I sought her here, I sought her there ;
I called, I called her, everywhere ;

Up hill and down I went, and found
No clue to her, of sight or sound.

I listened in the pine-wood high —
I only heard its needles sigh ;

I listened at the valley fall —
I only heard its waters call.

I sought till I could seek no more,
Till dark with night was all before,

When magnified by weary eyes,
I saw the hill above me rise.

What could I do? Ah, who could say?
The nearest home was far away.

I could not pause, I could not wait.
What was her peril? What her fate?

I thought — the thought was as a word
From lips unseen but near me heard —

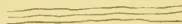
That she might gain her long-lost way
If from the cabin reached a ray.

Then painfully I climbed the hill,
That rose so dark, so wild, and still,

And climbing, called as oft before,
Until I reached the cabin-door;

When lo, before me waiting stood
The fairest spirit of the wood; —

I kissed her o'er and o'er, and lo!
When she would have me now, I go.



THE EARLY FLOWERS

The flowers began to come up and talk to him.
— *Algonquin Legend.*

AGAIN these woodland ways among,
That good old legend comes to me,
Of how to the divinity
Of whom the Indian bard has sung,
The early flowers rose and talked
Along the way he walked.

They talk — I like the word — to me;
They talk of Summer, and they say
That she will soon be up this way,
And soon, o'erlooking all I see,
Yon mountains blanketed in haze
Seem chiefs of other days;

That soon on far more quiet meres
The birch will in reflection lie,
And seem, beneath my musing eye,
The birch-canoe of other years,
Moored in a day of azure calm,
By woods that breathe of balm.

Sweet Indian flowers, hinting well
The pictures of serener days,
Among these yet unleafy ways!
They almost make their words a spell
To bring the Summer here before
The chilly spring is o'er.

GLOOSKAP AND SUMMER

AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND.

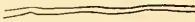
[Mr. Leland, in commenting upon this legend, says: "It appears to be the completer form of the beautiful allegory of Winter and Spring given in the Hiawatha Legends as Peboan and Seegwum. The struggle between Spring and Winter, Summer and Winter, or Heat and Cold, represented as incarnate human or mythic beings, forms the subject of several Indian legends."]

WORSHIPPED by the Wabanaki,
Or the Children of the Light,
Glooskap, or the god of nature,
Sought the northland cold and white;
And within a wigwam sitting,
Deep in silence and alone,
Found a giant, a great giant,
By the name of Winter known;
And he listened in the wigwam
To the tales the giant told,
Till his head was bowed in slumber,
Till he yielded to the cold.
What he saw in sleeping visions,
None of all the wise men say;—
Saw he Summer vanquish Winter?
Make the northland light and gay?

When he woke, he travelled southward—
When with every footstep grew
Winds more soft and skies more tender—
Till the flowers round him blew,
Till, amid the leafy forest,
In the sunny south, he found
Summer with her fairies dancing
Like the falling waters round.

Straight he caught he ; but to keep her
In his bosom from her folk,
By a wile he must deceive them :
Fair he made the words he spoke ;
And he spoke them in retreating,
Backward going, o'er and o'er —
Ah ! her folk, he had escaped them
When they heard his words no more.

Then again he sought the northland
Where old Winter still abode ;
Now with Summer in his bosom,
With her spirit overflowed ;
And was once again made welcome
To the wigwam cold and bare ;
For the giant thought he surely
Would again be sleep-bound there.
But he now had sunny Summer,
And the cold was all in vain,
And the sweat from Winter's forehead
Fell like drops of April rain,
Till at length the giant melted
And his wigwam passed from view,
And around flowed pleasant rivers,
And the green, lush grasses grew.



"JETTIE'S WOOD"

THIS is the wood she loved to seek,
And this the sound she loved to hear,
Who oft came hither, pale and weak,
In her last lingering year.

Too careless seemed the laugh of rills
That yonder in the vale are found;
She only gained among the hills
A solace in this sound.

In this low sound of pine and fir,
That as she listened seemed to be
From out a calmer world to her,
As seems it now to me.

It seems to tell my spirit all
Her spirit gained in its release—
The rest where His wood-whispers fall,
Among His palms of peace.

This is a spiritual wood to me;
I love to come and tarry here,
Where her most restful look I see,
As in her last, last year.

DESERTED HOUSE REVISITED

A YEAR ago, I tarried here,
Beside this lonely door,
And in a day as quiet looked
Yon sunlit valley o'er.

Now comes, as then, the sound of pines
Upon the balmy air,
And now, as then, the wood-thrush pours
Its cool note, here and there.

All Nature is the same as then;
But not the same am I;
I miss to-day a voice I heard,
And for that voice I sigh.

I mark to-day how grown with moss
The pathway to this door,
Upon whose solemn threshold lies
A shadow evermore.

Let me begone, and let me seek
The merry and the gay!
This loneliness reminds of loss;
This mossiness, decay.

WHAT SUNG THE THRESHOLD BROOK

How shattered every pane!
How mossy every sill!
And yet I glide the home beside,
Because I love it still.
Methought they loved it, too,
Who are the last of kin:
They pass no more its threshold o'er,
Or sit its green yard in.

The careless truant lad
Assails its latchless door;

The maiden robs the only bush
That blooms its gateway o'er;
But still about it rise
The olden chestnut-trees,
And calm at morn and eve I hear
Their leafy melodies.

Ah! though they come not now,
Who are the last of kin,
To pass once more its threshold o'er,
Or sit its green yard in,
Methinks they will return
When life shall be no more,
To sing as I in twilight by
The home they knew of yore.

THE GARRET

I CHERISH all the tender ties
That serve to make a home secure;
And can not well, of kindred eyes,
The absence for a day endure;
And welcome all who come to be
The sharers of my hearth with me.

And yet I hold this garret dear,
Where oft I sit, apart from all;
Where, in the pause of winds, I hear
The breathing stillness round me fall,
Or buzzing of some busy bee
Constructing here his masonry.

Than I who come to build a rhyme,
He is more thrifty, some may say;
But am I prodigal of time
Who earn my bread from day to day?
Who leave no duty to be here,
Where find I rest for eye and ear?

Not only do I see this rude,
Brown garret with its rafters bare;
Here visions come of hill and wood,
Of whatsoever renders fair,
Beneath a wide expanse of sky,
The face of Nature to my eye.

Ah! even here I seem to be,
When visions such as these unfold,
On some lone hill-top whence I see,
In varied views of wood and wold,
Fair scenes that can not fail to be
Its charm, its chief amenity.

AT THE "WAYSIDE INN," SUDBURY

THIS is the wayside inn our poet sung;
But who are these, so loud and rude of tongue,
Who pass to-day its ancient threshold o'er?—
The story-tellers, they have gone before!

The inn remains; but though come days of rain,
Those pleasant folk, they will not come again!
Too much is absent; there is little here
To win the eye, or to delight the ear.

Where is the bush, so welcome to the sight,
Of him who, weary, sought this rest at night?
Where is the coach? where is the jovial horn?—
'T is vain to ask, to long for what is gone.

I would that I had been content to be
A comer here in unreality!
The inn I 've known, the goodly folk I 've met,
They are no more, and I their loss regret.

June 11, 1887.



APRIL RAIN

The rain, it raineth ev'ry day.— *Old Song.*

THE rain, it raineth ev'ry day,
But never mind! — all children say
That April showers bring forth May flowers.
That good old proverb ne'er forget!
The time will come for pleasant hours
In greenwood and in meadow, yet.

The rain, it raineth ev'ry day,
But never mind! — God hath His way.
To Him alone the need is known.

What we in tender years were taught,
Let us remember, older grown,—
He blesses when we know it not.

The rain, it raineth ev'ry day,
But never mind! — 't will soon be May,
And May will soon give way to June,
When underneath the sunny sky,
The brooks will sing a pleasant tune,
And fair fields laugh before our eye.

MAY

O'ER-SUNG is May, and silence as the year
Becomes melodious, for the sake of art,
Were laudable. But whatso fills my heart
And is unto me beautiful and dear,
I can not choose but sing of. For no ear
I ask to-day,— unseeking to impart
My rapture to another. Birds that dart
About my eaves will sing though no one hear.

I sing with them involuntary lays,
I sing with them, unknowing how I sing,
Or if there be a music in my voice ; —
I look on Nature in these violet days,
I feel the hope which unto her they bring,
And seeing her, I can not but rejoice.

SOON AS THE SUMMER SUN

SOON as the summer sun
Looks o'er its wall of haze,
And hot as are the desert sands
Lie all the city ways, —
I long to feel again
The mossy cool that fills
The deep and leafy vale where falls
The wild brook of the hills ;

To hear the pasture-bell
That tinkles unaware,
The murmured sound of upland pines
Come mellowed down the air ;
And, peaceful as the hour
When slanting splendors fall,
To hear the sunset-bird from out
His secret minaret call.

Yet, even while I long,
I feel less ill at ease :
I lose myself among the hills
In pleasant reveries ;

And all these city ways
Seem full of cool and calm,
And in this air of heat and haze
There seems the breath of balm.

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

THE sky is low as it would fall,
And to the south the vauë ;
The robins in the orchard call,
Impatient for the rain ;
I hear them through my windows wide,
And feel myself to them allied.

I see the fowls their feathers trim,
And hear my farmer say
(And have not been more pleased with him),
“ It augurs rain to-day.”
Say what we will, old saws we heed
That promise what we wish or need.

The day is dark, the air is soft,
The rain must soon be here ;
And hill and wood, and field and croft,
Seem conscious it is near ;
And to the grass, it seems to me,
The wind has told the change to be.

It is the wind that blows the bait
Into the fish's mouth,
That comes so welcome though so late,
All tepid with the south.
Hark! what is that that warns my ear?
It comes! it comes! the rain is here!

Is here, by lightest patter known —
A green and quiet rain.
Now let us thank it! let us own
Ourselves, for days of pain,
More thankful that at last it comes,
Like one long wished for to our homes!

ENJOYED THE MORE

I MURMUR not that most my days
Are passed among these noisy ways;
That seldom by my ears are heard
The laugh of rill and song of bird;
Or by my eyes are seldom seen
The wood-caught rays of morn and e'en.

Nor envy him his lot who sees
About him reach the path of ease,—
Whose morning care is whether he
Shall busy or shall idle be,
Shall seek the vale, or climb the hill,
Or loiter beside the rill.

For when thou, who hast held me fast,
Stern Duty! giv'st consent at last,
And forth I go to wood and field,
They more for my long waiting yield.
By him whose days are *all* his own,
The joy *I* feel is never known.

THE LESSON OF THE BROOK

WHY is thy song so sad to-day,
Sweet singer of this sylvan way?
Pray, is it not enough for me
To sighing be?

“The song I sing is hardly mine,—
Thou changest it, as thou shalt find.
It is as if I were a pine
And thou the wind.

“My song is as thy spirit, gay;
My song is as thy spirit, low;
If thou wouldst have it glad to-day,
Thou must be so.”

Dear Brook! thy answer is, in sooth,
Remindful of a simple truth,—
That oft the cause of change around
Within is found.

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEASIDE

TO H. N. S.

YOU go to seek the summer sea,
And I to seek the mountains.
For you the wash of waves; for me
The play and plash of fountains.

For you the long and sandy beach,
The sail at distance slanted;
For me the hills that calmly reach,
And valleys shadow-haunted.

I find no charm the sea beside ;
A pain is in its sameness,
When underneath an azure wide
Its vastness has a tameness.

There may be here and there a bluff
To break the shining levels ;
But one or two are not enough :
The eye on nothing revels.

Give me the strong and rugged lines
Of summits rising starkly,
And maples in green belts, and pines
About them growing darkly !

I know the rise and set of sun
Will change the face of Ocean,
And now and then o'er it will run
The hint of new emotion ;

But oh ! it seems a mask to me
To that which ever changes,
Which twice alike we may not see,—
The face of Mountain-Ranges.

The eye is pleased where it has yet
Some beauty to discover :
It is not by the features set
That e'er is won the lover ;

But by the changing light of thought
That o'er them he is seeing,—
A charm which of themselves is not,
But has a separate being.

For you the dull, monotonous sound
Of waves forever swinging ;

For me, from many a wood around,
The thrush's sweetest singing;

The tinkle of some winding bell
That comes within the hearing,
It may be from some bosky dell
Or from some grassy clearing.

Oh! you may seek the summer sea,
But I will seek the mountains.
The glare for you, the shade for me
Beside the mossy fountains.

THE SPIRIT, IF NOT THE MEANING

It finds its way through wildest woods,
This highland brook of mine;
By glimpses sees a lonely crag
And rugged mountain line.

It sings,— but I can never catch
The meaning of its song:
The subtile sense of rock or pine
Does not to me belong;

Nor that of any wind that comes
Or mist that hovers near,
Of sun or moon—how dull to it
Must seem my human ear!

And yet I sometimes feel that I,
When I have listened long,
Have caught in moods of deeper joy
The spirit of its song.

A U T U M N

HER skies are soft, her fields are fair,
In calm repose her waters lie ;
But Autumn gives the sunny air
The burden of a sigh.

What unto her can be her crown,
Her gorgeous crown of golden leaves?
For, lo ! her eyes they are cast down,
And pensively she grieves.

Gay birches o'er her path may lean,
She better likes the sombre fir ;
She has her courtiers, like a queen,
But they are naught to her.

MY BEAKER AT THE RILL

A MEMORY.

THE summer days are gone,
The mountains far away ;
Yet once again, when makes the morn
The far horizon gay,
I wander from my tent
Adown the airy hill,
To fill, where boughs are o'er it bent,
My beaker at the rill.

As yet no mountaineer
Has lit his morning fire ;
As yet the tinkling bell I hear
Is at the waking byre.

Sweet to the herd will be
The dews upon the hill;
But oh! no sweeter than to me
My beaker at the rill.

All sights are beautiful,
The far-off and the near,
And all the sounds are musical
That fall upon my ear.
How fresh the leafy wood!
How fresh the grassy hill!
And oh! how has my life renewed
My beaker at the rill!



M O S S E S

FROM ledges of the lonely hills
To caverns of the sea,—
What tokens of the love of God
His tender mosses be!
For deep below as high above
His love extendeth He.

How marvelously delicate!
How wonderfully fair!
As lies their beauty over strength
In ocean and in air,
So over all the might of God
His love lies, everywhere.

THE PRESENCE

THE Sabbath-bell that rose so near
In echo falls away;
Say ye I lose His presence here
Among the fields to-day?

Not only in the holy aisles
Of worship is He found;
The light of the shechinah smiles
On all the earth around.

There is no path to Him: His face
Is in the sky above;
His touch is in the air; His voice
Is in the ear of love.

His presence is around us all
Wherever we may be;
His temple has nor roof nor wall,
Nor mete nor bound has He.

WORSHIP WITH NATURE

How restful is the Sabbath
That lieth on the hills!
How touching are the sermons
Whose preachers are the rills!
Where every wood a fane is,
And every rock a shrine,
And every wind a psalmist
That singeth in the pine.

No words have I to utter
What in my heart is known:
I let the lips of Nature
Give language to my own;
And so the lowly psalmist
That singeth in the pine,
In all it singeth, uttereth
The spirit which is mine.

Oh, sweet it is to worship
Where from us, one by one
Fade all our vague misgivings
As mists before the sun!
Where we in clearer vision,
Around us and above,
Behold His hand of goodness,
His answering face of love!

A DAY OF QUIET

"Great peace have they that love Thy law."

O DAY of quiet! I would be
As quiet as thou art!
To whom the face of God I see
Its light of love impart.
But it is vain to wish that I
Thy spirit might possess —
Thou art of God; the earth and sky
He fills with quietness.

So said I on the mountain-side,
From all of man away,
When sheening in the sunshine wide
The lake below me lay;
When though I listened there was heard,
Upon the windless air,
Nor sound of leaf nor song of bird,
But hush was everywhere.

Then came a voice, a voice so low
The soul alone could hear,—
"Thou art of God thyself, and know
Thou hast but to revere
The knowledge of His law thou hast,
The word within obey,
And He will give thy soul the vast,
Deep quiet of this day."

O answer to my longing made!—
I bade all passions cease:
The winds that vexed my soul were laid,
Its waters given peace!

Not vainly had I wished that I
The spirit might possess
Of that fair day, when earth and sky
Were filled with quietness.

DEUS IDEM

TO A. B. H.

THROUGH fields with early summer fair,
Through woods of pine and birch,
We came, with quickened love of God,
To pleasant Norton church.

The gospel of the daisied fields
And sunlit depths above,
Had left the anxious heart its hope,
The weak assured of love.

And what a prelude had been ours
In sound of leaf and bird
To singing of the good old hymns
And reading of the Word!

The church without, the church within,
In both the same He seemed!
In both the same sweet face of love
And mercy on us beamed!

For he who read the Book had passed
No page of nature o'er;
By each in turn the other taught
His gentle spirit more.

For howsoe'er he chid our ill,
Or shaped our needful prayer,
His teaching was in unison
With that of earth and air.

So, as we sought the fields again,
The joy of birds was ours.
How sweetly fell their psalms among
The sunbeams and the flowers!

WILD FLOWERS OF THE HOLY LAND

TO H. B. G.

O SACRED flowers from hill and plain!
What visions come to me
That I may look on Olivet
And over Galilee!

I rest me where the holy palms
Their solemn shadows lay;
I feel what airs of sun and song
Fall on His human way.

No better gift hath Palestine
Than you, O flowers fair!
Endeared to Him whose tender eyes
Looked on your beauty rare.

The pathos of His life is yours;
You move us, as if we
Did in you all His smiles of love
And tears of pity see.

No fragment from the rock-built wall,
Nor from the temple dim,
Could like you in our bosom wake
The fervent thought of Him.

You tell of Him as nothing else
Of Holy Land can tell;
The beauty in the Gospel found
Is in your page as well.

THE SOUL'S HOUSE

A BETTER house we build to-day:
A better let us build within!
Too long of better light and air
The soul has needful been.

And better than the outward house,
Let evermore the inward be!
The fault we may conceal from men,
God can not fail to see.

Let its o'errunning vines be love;
Its light be hope; its quiet, peace;
And all its garden trees be faith,
To which He gives increase.

And let it be secure and high,
And all its windows wide command,
In its eternal summer fair,
A prospect of His land.

DEDICATION OF CHILDREN

(Read by Rev. Geo. W. Bicknell, Lowell, Children's Sunday, 1889.)

WE can not call thee Energy,
Nor Law, nor Force, alone;
Thy love, forever full, we see,
Thy tender care we own.

Thou never art from us away,
But with us Thou dost dwell,
A Spirit, in the night and day,
Thy name, Immanuel.

Thou walkest in our daily ways
And dost our threshold seek;
We touch Thee in our darkened days
And are no longer weak.

The conscious source of all our joys,
Of all our gifts of good,
We see Thine eye, we hear Thy voice,
We own Thy fatherhood.

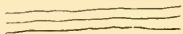
And lo! before Thine altar here,
That Thou our trust may'st see,
We come to give the young and dear,
Our little ones, to Thee.

We know that Thou wilt take them all
And bless them with Thy hand,
And, howsoever they swerve or fall,
Their need wilt understand.

May they Thy love of right discern,
And they Thy hate of wrong,

And never from Thee may they turn,
But walk with Thee along!

Like flowers may their souls expand
Beneath Thy sun of love,
And yielding to Thy training hand
Become Thy home above!



THE EXHORTATION OF PETER THE HERMIT

IN Jerusalem, the holy,
I have seen the infidel;
On the pavement, trod by Jesus,
Like a curse his shadow fell.
At the Holy Mausoleum,
Gifts of prayer I longed to lay,
But the menace of the Moslem
Bade me rise and move away.

I have heard the loud muezzin
Call the Mussulman to prayer;
But of Jesus, not Mohammed,
Breathed to me the sunset air.
All about the Holy City,
Falling on my inward ear,
The Beatitudes of Zion
Filled the solemn atmosphere.

Shall the people who deny Him.
Only unmolested be
In the latest human footsteps
Of the Christ of Calvary?
Watch the walls around the city,
Which is ours through faith and love?
Spread the pinions of their power
All its holy shrines above?

Shall we suffer it to be so?
Shall we bow before the gate
Of the Holy Mausoleum,
Mocked and menaced by their hate?

Would to God I were a legion
Wheresoever in the land,
Still between the shrine and pilgrim
Falls the shadow of their hand!

Has the warrior no spirit?
Has the man no manhood now?
Lies the coldness of indifference
On a single hooded brow?
Has the Christian no religion?
Has his heart no wound to-day?
Has he lost the sense of duty?
Cast his crucifix away?

Let the maiden leave her spindle!
Let the shepherd leave his pipe!
Let the toiler in the vineyard
Leave his fruit, though it be ripe!
Let the Scotchman leave his herding!
The Norwegian his lines!
Let the Welshman leave his hunting,
And the idle Dane his wines!*

Let all Christendom awaken
Wheresoe'er it lies at ease!
Let the storms within all bosoms
Be like tempests in the trees!
Let our banded indignation,
And our valor be a might,
'To relieve the Holy City,
And assert our sacred right!

*The reader is referred to William of Malmesbury.

That the mother may no longer
In the midst of sad alarms,
Seek the tomb of Him who carried
Little children in His arms;
That the pilgrim in the city,
As beside his hearth may be
Unmolested in his worship —
It is Heaven's own decree!



"ROBIN"

JANUARY 25, 1759

"'T was then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."

It was na sic an air as blaws
In simmer frae the hills an' haughs;
A blast o' Janwar wind it was
Blew hansel in on Robin.

I wonder Nature deemed it weel
That he, wha was to lo'e her leal,
Should first her caulder season feel,
Sae wi' it welcomed Robin.

But Nature is past findin' out;
We seldom ken what she's about;
That she rejoiced, I dinna doubt,
When first she keek't on Robin.

He gied to her the love she sought;
She led his feet ayont the cot,
An' muckle guid to him she taught;
She shawed her best to Robin.

For him her burnies sweetest sang,
Her wild-wood echoes lightest rang;
She fostered him her joys amang —
We know them best through Robin.

IZAACK WALTON

"Nay, the earth bath no fruitfulness without showers or dews." "Turn out of the way a little, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge . . . whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth."

How doth the page of Walton,
Read in these latter days,
Seem like a rain that round us
The dust of summer lays,—
A balmy rain that freshens
And sweetens all our ways!

What honeysuckle hedges,
What meadows, flower-fair,
With newly born aroma
Seem filling all the air!
What affluence of verdure
The city seems to wear!

Thanks for his life of quiet
In greenwood and in field! —
Not only as an angler
Is he to us revealed,
But as a thoughtful teacher
Of what repose may yield.

How needful is the lesson,
Though it be heeded not,
Which he, who had a mission,
As in the morning taught,—
That there is lack of wisdom
Where gold alone is sought!

Come ye who by ambition
Are over-tasked and tire,—
Come ye who, blest with shelter,
With raiment, food, and fire,
Are ever discontented,
Or restless with desire,—

Come, seek the fields with Walton
Who bids all fever cease!
As “brothers of the angle,”
And “followers of peace,”
Observe how patient Nature,
And how her fruits increase!

“GOD BLESS HIM”

WHY add a needless tribute?—yet,
As man and poet, one is he.
Life, which is fact, its seal has set
On all his voiced humanity.
He too might say, if self-thought led,
What Milton to Salmasius said;
But leaves to God, who all has heard and seen,
What concord lies his life and spoken word between.

He lifts a prayer without a claim,
Seeks not his God from man apart,—
His lips are burdened with our name,
Our common need is in his heart.

He loves to serve, as best he can,
The holy work which Christ began,
To call the poor benighted from his way,
So vague with shadows, up the sunlit hills of day.

But not alone our human weal
Or human woe is in his song :
There Beauty finds a master leal
And airy Fancy moves along,
While Wordsworth's vestal fire by turns
Has all the native warmth of Burns.
The simplest flower that smiles in greenwood ways,
The simplest brook that sings, is mirrored in his lays.

Clear voice among our lakes and hills !
He sings of nature as of men :
He hears with us its airs and rills,
He sees what lies within our ken ;
Interpreting, 'neath moon and sun,
Its bosom unto every one.
We feel the calm where rise our northern pines,
We see the mountain morn and sunset, in his lines.

And oh, how like a sunlit day
Of whitest winter, warm and mild,
Blown through by all the airs that May
Breathes over greening slope and wild,
His old age round about him lies !—
So seems it to the pilgrim's eyes.
“ God bless him ! ” is the best that love can say :
And God be thanked that this is uttered in his day.

MY POET FRIEND

TO-MORROW, may the sky be very fair!
And all the winds be gentle! for beyond
The turmoil of the city and the dust
That fills its ways, I go to seek my friend
Whose home is rural, set with open fields
And bits of wood and meadow, and repose.
I know he is a lover of a day
Whose influence is gentle— God be thanked! —
A harvester of all the varied good
Sown by the hand of Quiet. On his way,
How oft he tarries, thoughtful of the sound
That with the wind comes from some leafy maze,
Or finding in a common woodland tuft
A beauty seldom seen so well before.
A gatherer of simples, he has all
The gentleness of woman—and this makes
A man not less a man, but unto all
His rugged strength a tender beauty gives.
Ah, few are they who go to seek so soon
The flower of the wind! to whom it is
So dear a harbinger! He loiters
Beside his woodland beck, in quiet muse,
And lets its spirit to his bosom come
And live through all his being. He is not
A man to see the beck is but a beck
And might be made to turn the sawyer's mill;
But something worthy to be loved and sought
With feelings of thanksgiving for its peace
And beauty which is useful in itself.
Some one may say, "Oh, put the man to work!
He is an idler, living on the land,

A reaper who is never seen to sow."
Do not mistake him! There are many ways
In which to help us onward. Unto him,
As you might also, much of good I owe,
For he has made my love of nature more,
And nature is the open book of God.
He is not silent, but interprets it,
And many minds have come to it through him.
And so, I would that you who read these lines,
If you delight in nature, might beyond
The turmoil of the city and the dust
That fills its ways, go with me to my friend
Whose home is rural, set with open fields
And bits of wood and meadow, and repose.

A MEMORIAL

HE was a man I could but love,
A seeker of the pure and good,
Who held, all other lives above,
The life of righteous habitude,
Suggesting by his quiet ways
The Quaker of the olden days.
Ah, with what love was he endued,
Whose heart so much for all could feel,
Who would not wound, but sought to heal!

I never knew what creed was his,
Save that he did believe,—as one
Who feels what he believes, and is
Sustained thereby, as in the sun
So in the shadow,—that the love

Of God rests all His works above,
That nothing will by Him be done
But shall reveal that He is good,
Eternal in His fatherhood.

He was a singer, one who took
In outward nature pleasure rare,
To whom, where lightly trilled the brook,
Or pine-wood whispered to the air,
Came deepest inspiration, such
As did his inmost being touch.

He was not lonely anywhere,
Who felt, in all his walks abroad,
The presence of a loving God.

He loved to come and tarry here,
Beside these rills to few men known;
He gave to them what makes them dear,—

“A music sweeter than their own”:
They sing to-day his songs who sung
So artlessly their ways among—

His simple songs that breathed alone
A spirit which, at peace with all,
Let everywhere its blessing fall.

He has not wholly passed away,
But something of himself is left
That can not suffer change, and nay,
Whereof I can not be bereft;
Ay, something of his love which ne'er
Less real is than this clasping air.

Weave on, my life! but in thy web,
No fairer threads will ever be
Than these of his dear memory.

MY BUSY BEES

My babies are my busy bees,
A summer long affording;
Within my heart, their chosen hive,
For me their honey hoarding.

They roam the clover-fields of life,
Amid its sweetness winging;
Their honey is the sun-born love
They evermore are bringing.

May I, with lapse of time, the hive
Which they so rich are making,
So keep that it will ever be
Too good for their forsaking.

SUMMER MORNING

Rise, my love! come forth and hear
How the birds are singing near!
You will find, in glad surprise,
Home itself a paradise.
Come! if pleasure you would take:
What a change an hour will make!

Freshest breezes round me blow.
Soon will come the noonday glow;
Soon of dews that on it lie
Every pleasant green be dry;
All this freshness, all this bloom,
Unto dust and heat give room.

Come my love! and let a draught
Of this morning air be quaffed,

Of this nectar free to all,
Ere the beaker melted fall!—
Cast all drowsihead away!
Moments bring the fires of day.

Rise, my love! and as the morn,
Put your gayest garments on!
Wake and rise! and come with me,
That all things may fairer be!
Come! for if you do but this,
Nothing lovely will I miss.

TO A FRIEND

We would lead thee from the shadow,
If we knew the way;
We would help thee bear the burden
On thee cast to-day;—
For thee in this hour of sorrow
We can only pray.

There are times when lips are silent,
For they can not speak;
Times when hands that would be helpful
Are too poor and weak;
Times, alas! when tearful only
We the sad can seek.

But if all our prayers be answered,
Thou wilt solaced be;
All the shadows from thy pathway
Thou wilt vanished see;
And the morning, like an angel,
Will return to thee.

ON RECEIVING SOME CARDINAL FLOWERS

O CARDINALS! O Cardinals!

I know the wood wherein ye grew —
A brooky wood, with shadows dim —
And that it is by toil of him —
My friend — that I have you.

Ye were not on the roadside gained,
With little effort: from his way
He turned, who bore you to my hand:
His heart I better understand
Who look on you, to-day.

He did not tell me of his toil;
He only said he gathered you
Where, looking from a well-known road,
A mile or so from his abode,
I had beheld your hue,

Who marvelled then that aught so bright
Should live in shadows damp and dim;
But oh! more bright than you, has grown,
In all the shadows round me thrown,
My every thought of him!



LINES

IN BEHALF OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

SINCE woman — though she be not all unmoved —
 Rewards the act we mourn ;
Since words to her have mostly futile proved, —
 Ah ! whither shall we turn ?

She was our hope ; we said her voice would rise
 Pathetic of the wrong,
That she would answer like the wind that sighs
 Our saddened woods along.

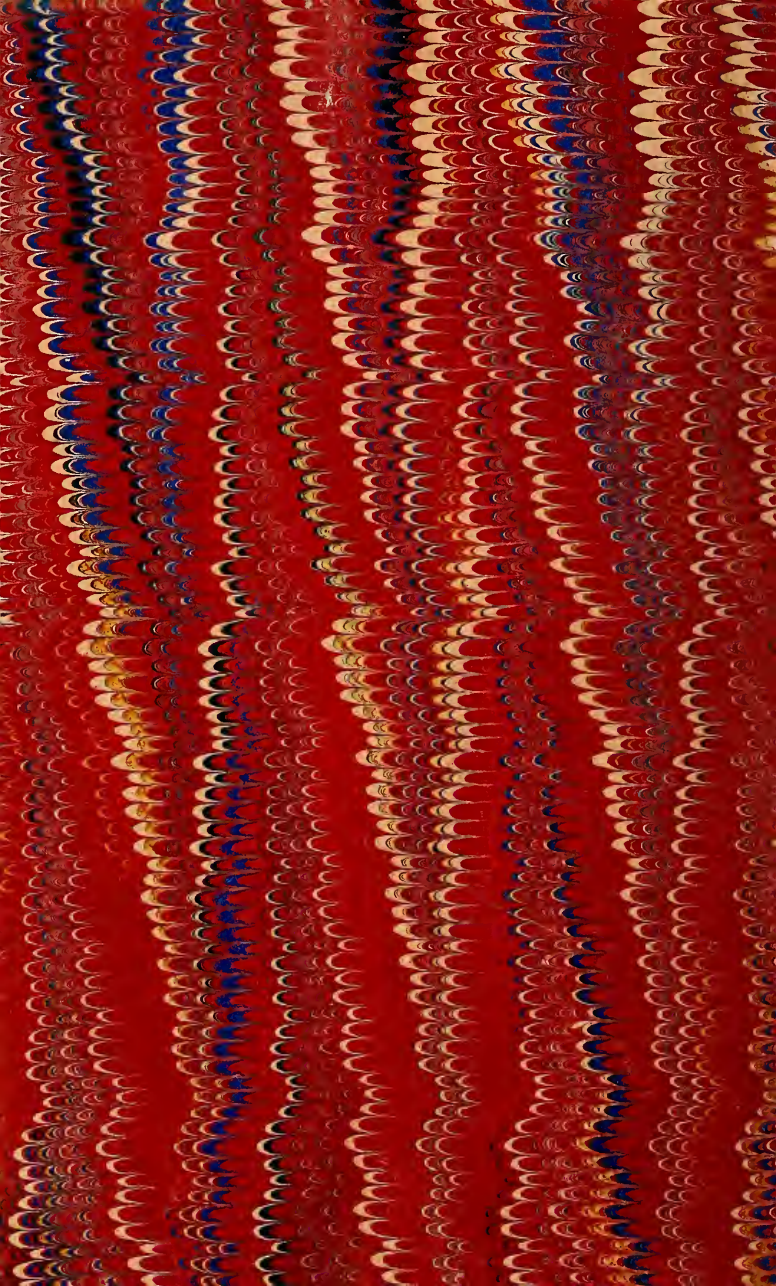
O birds chance-spared ! pour forth your sweetest lay
 Wherever man doth live,
And let all feel, who have not felt, to-day
 The blessing you can give !

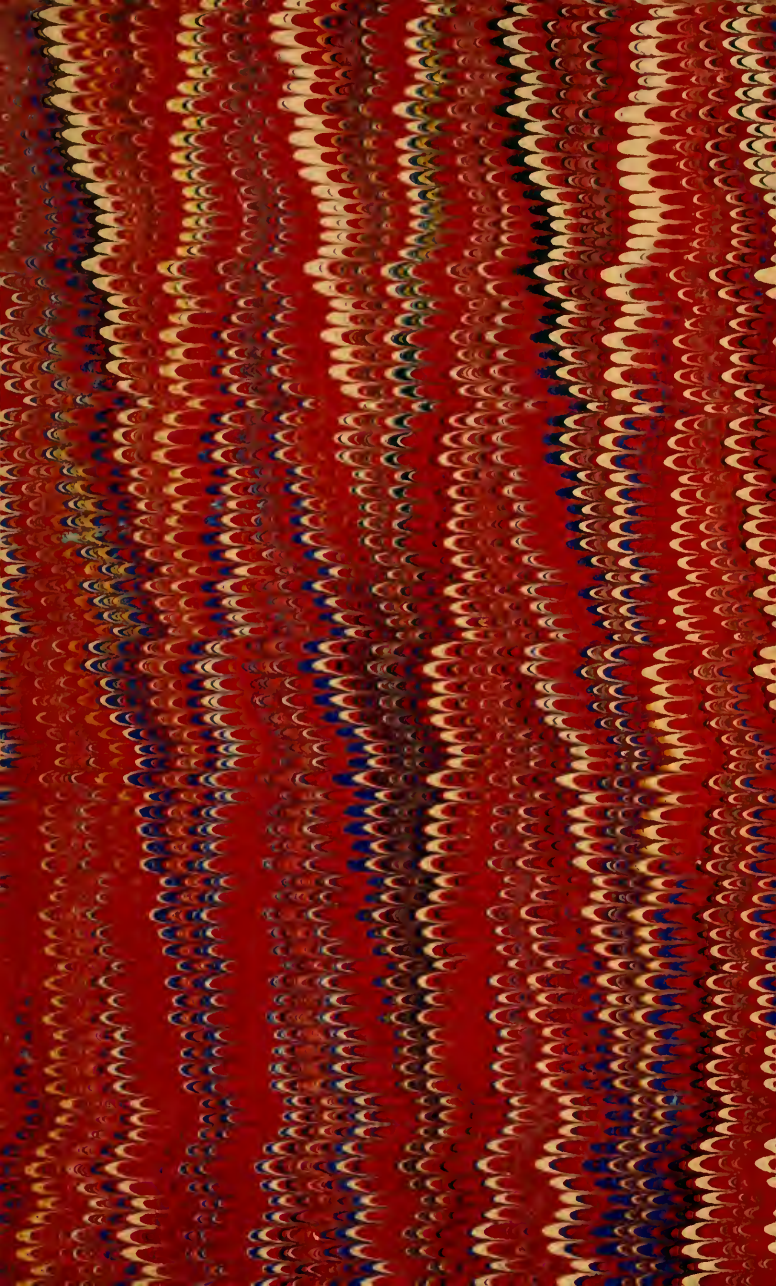
Sing over mart, sing over home, and sing
 Where some in sickness lie,
And to the pent and task-bound, songs that bring
 The freedom of the sky !

Tell every heart what fades from hill and dell
 Sad as the setting sun ;
And give us strength, that we may better tell
 The evil that is done !









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 971 948 0